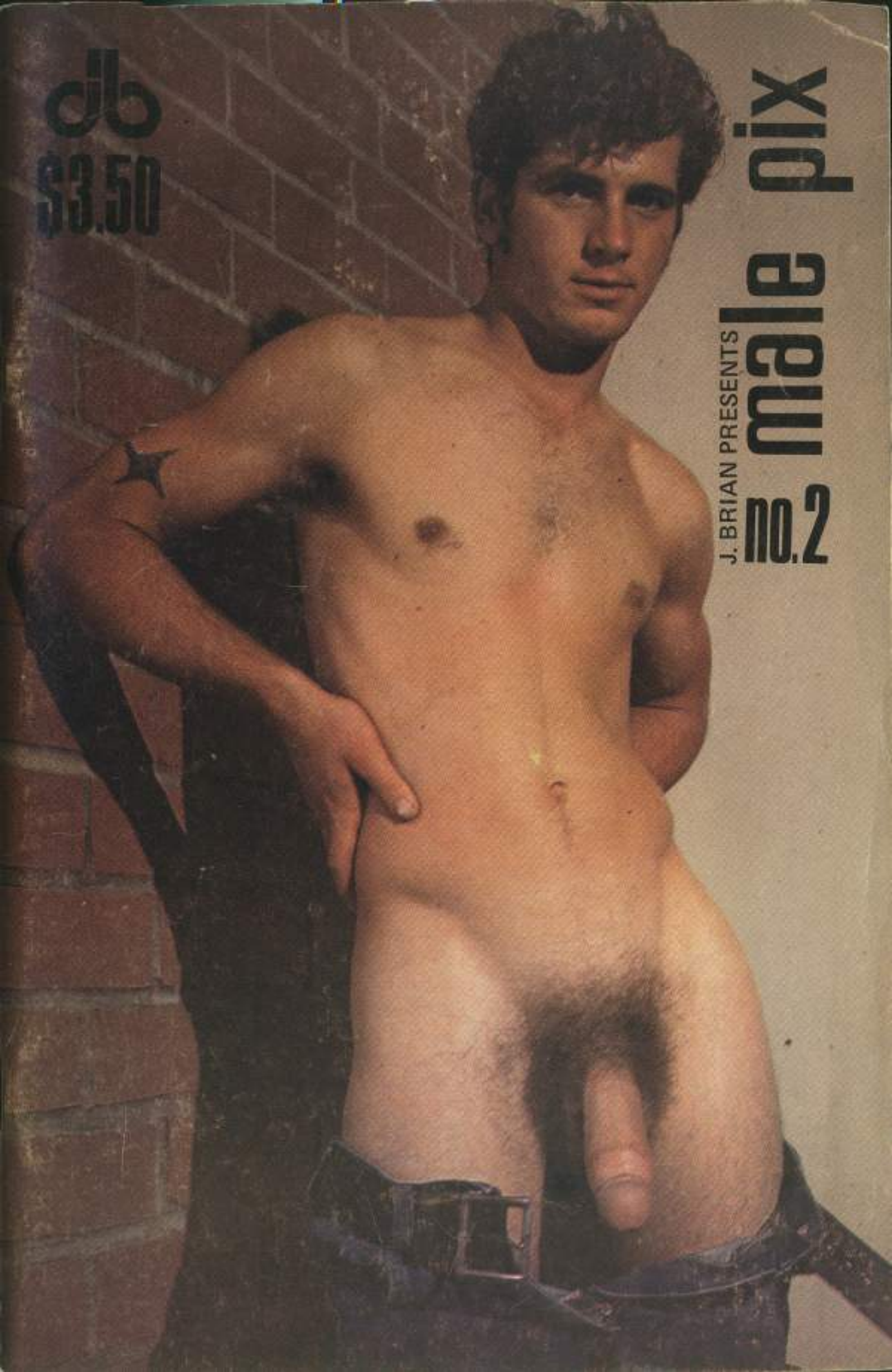


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male pix
no. 2



Front Cover: KIP KYLE by Bob Anthony
Page Three: NEIL SCOTT by Bob Anthony
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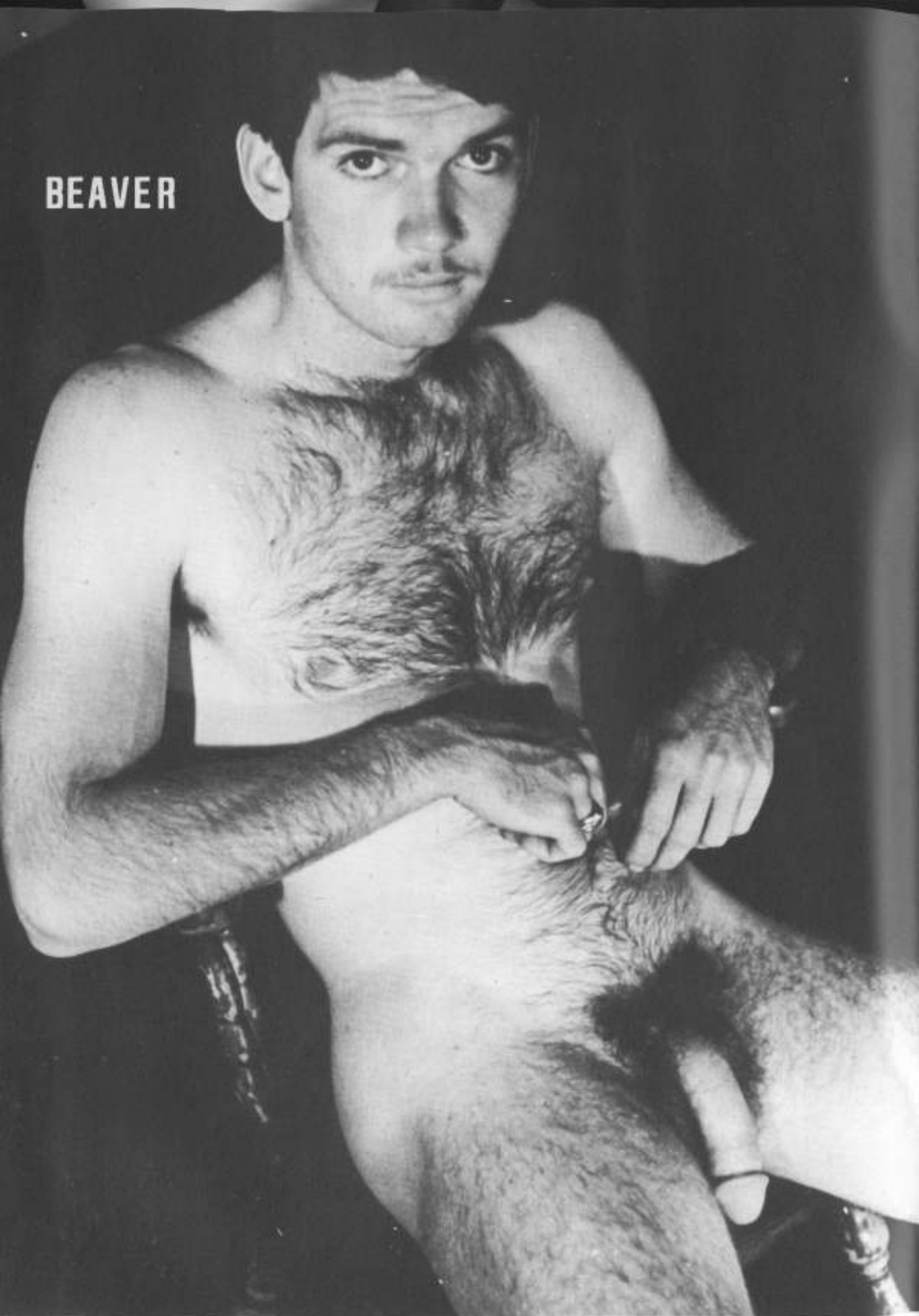
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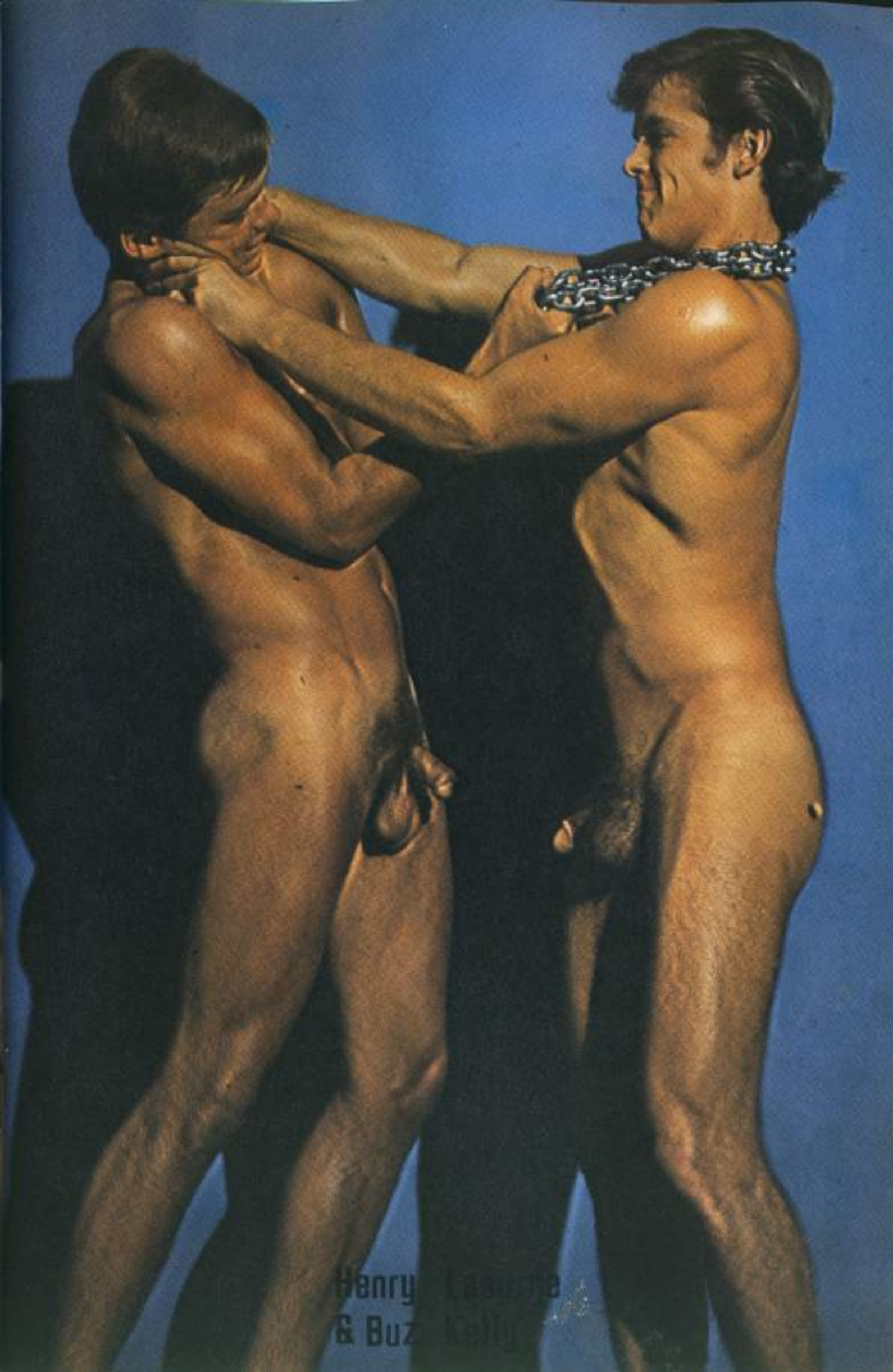
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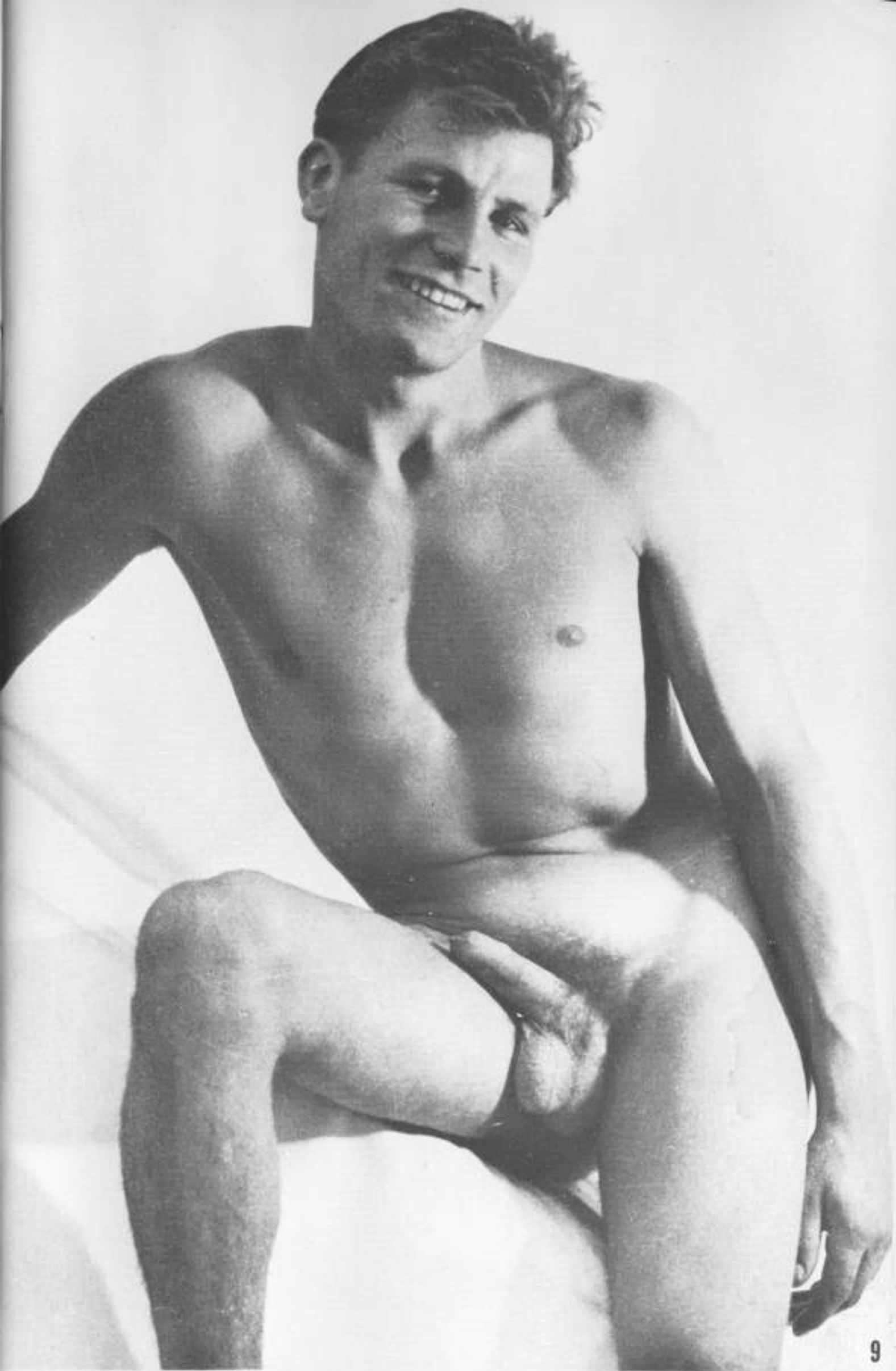






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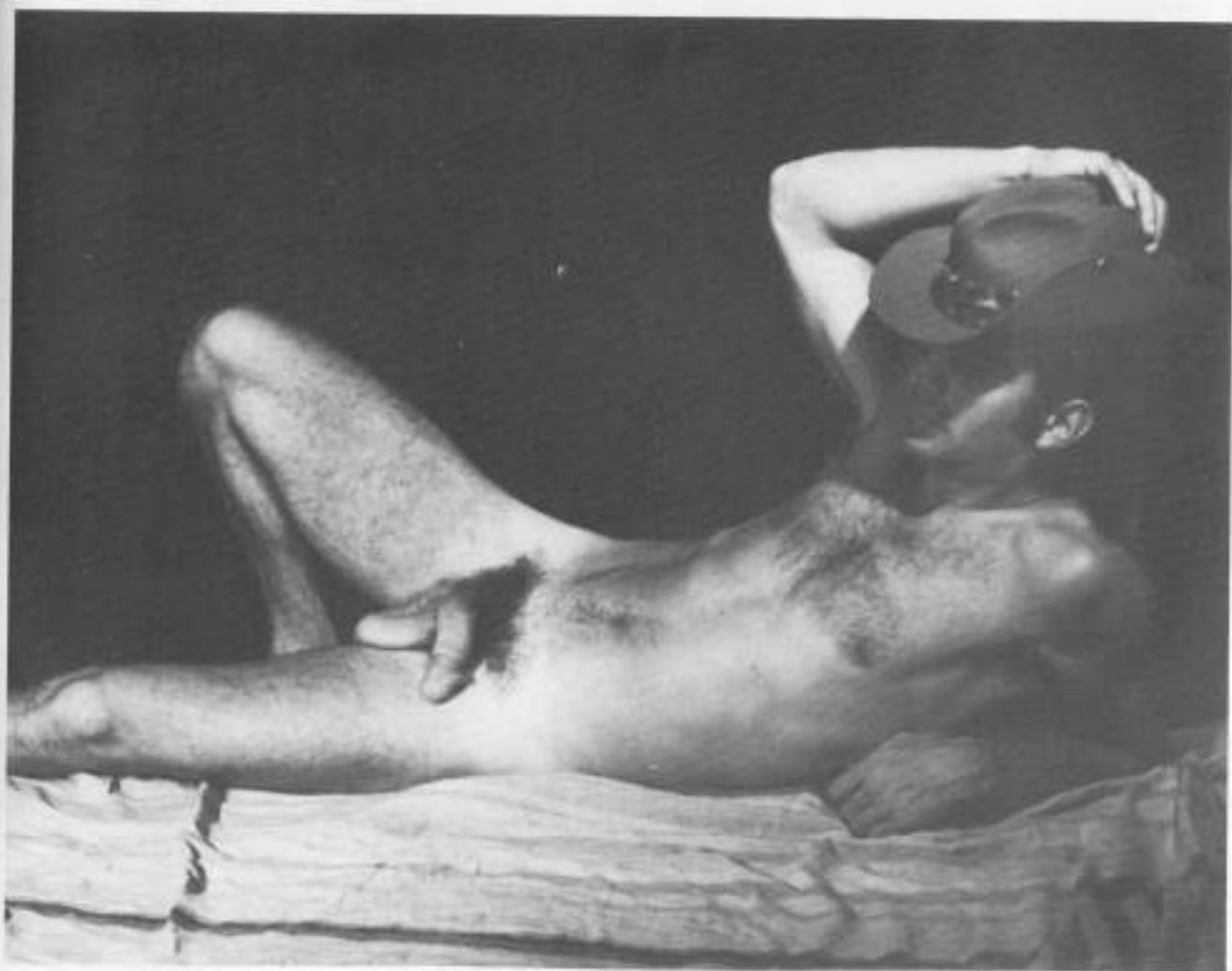
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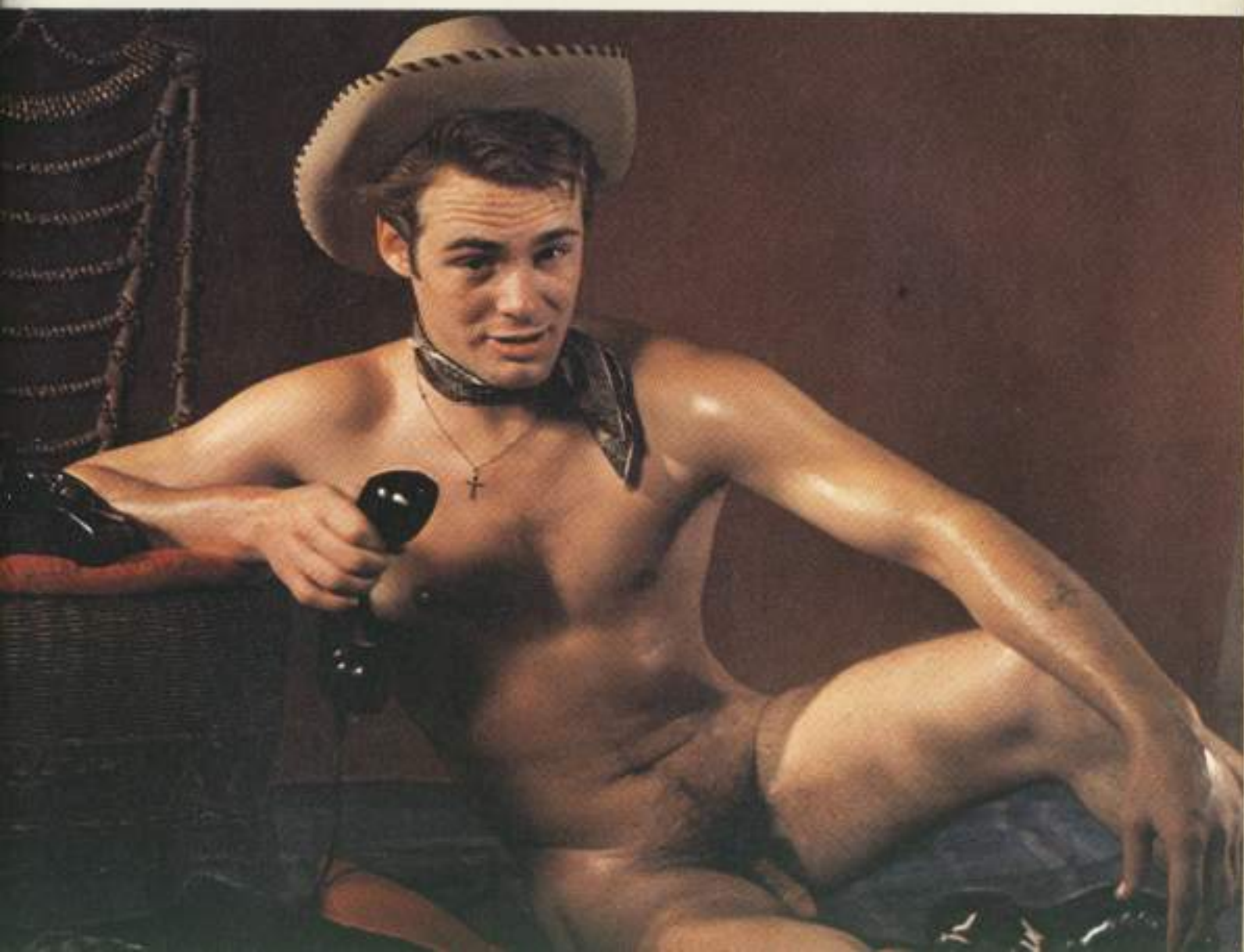


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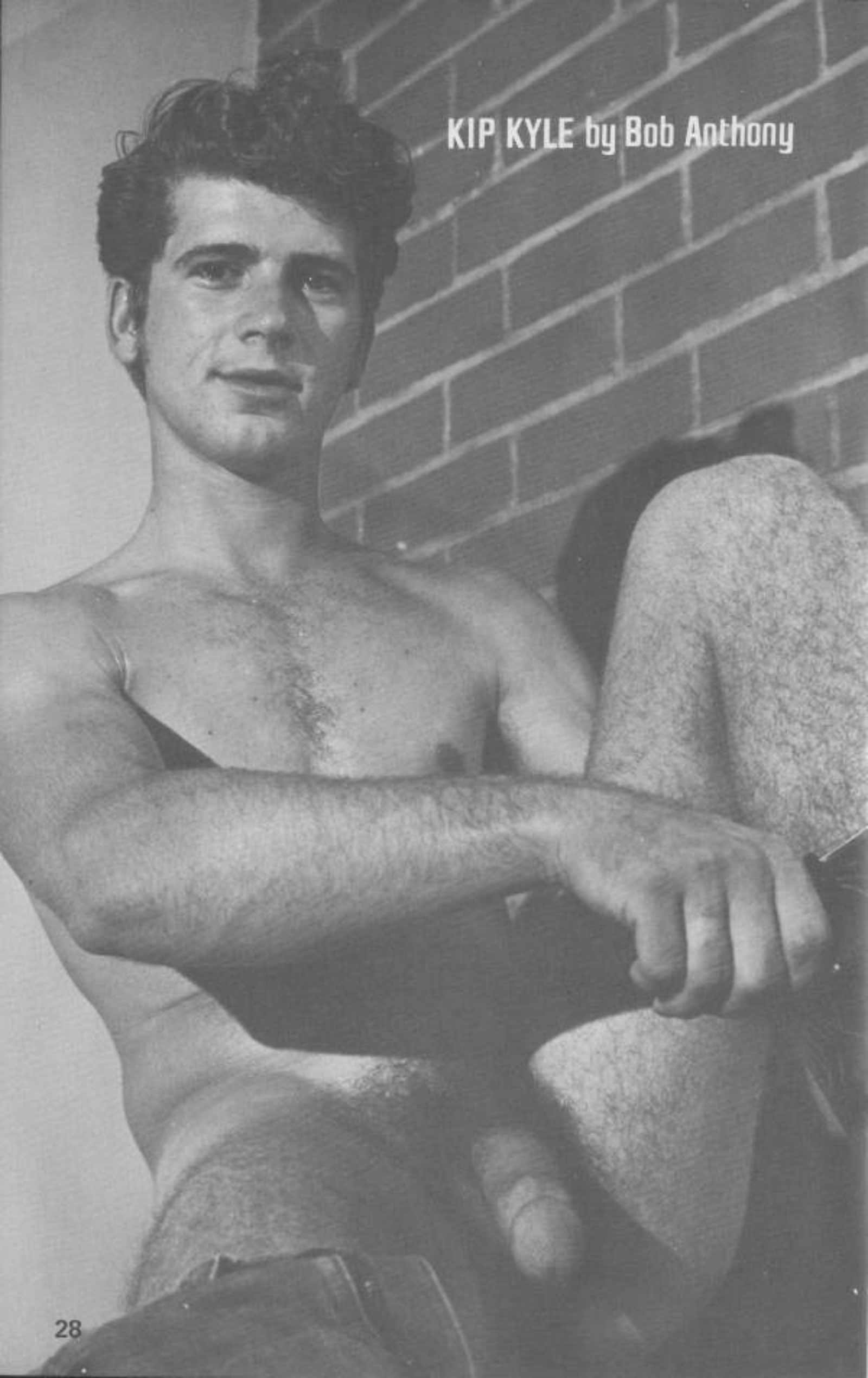
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KIP KYLE



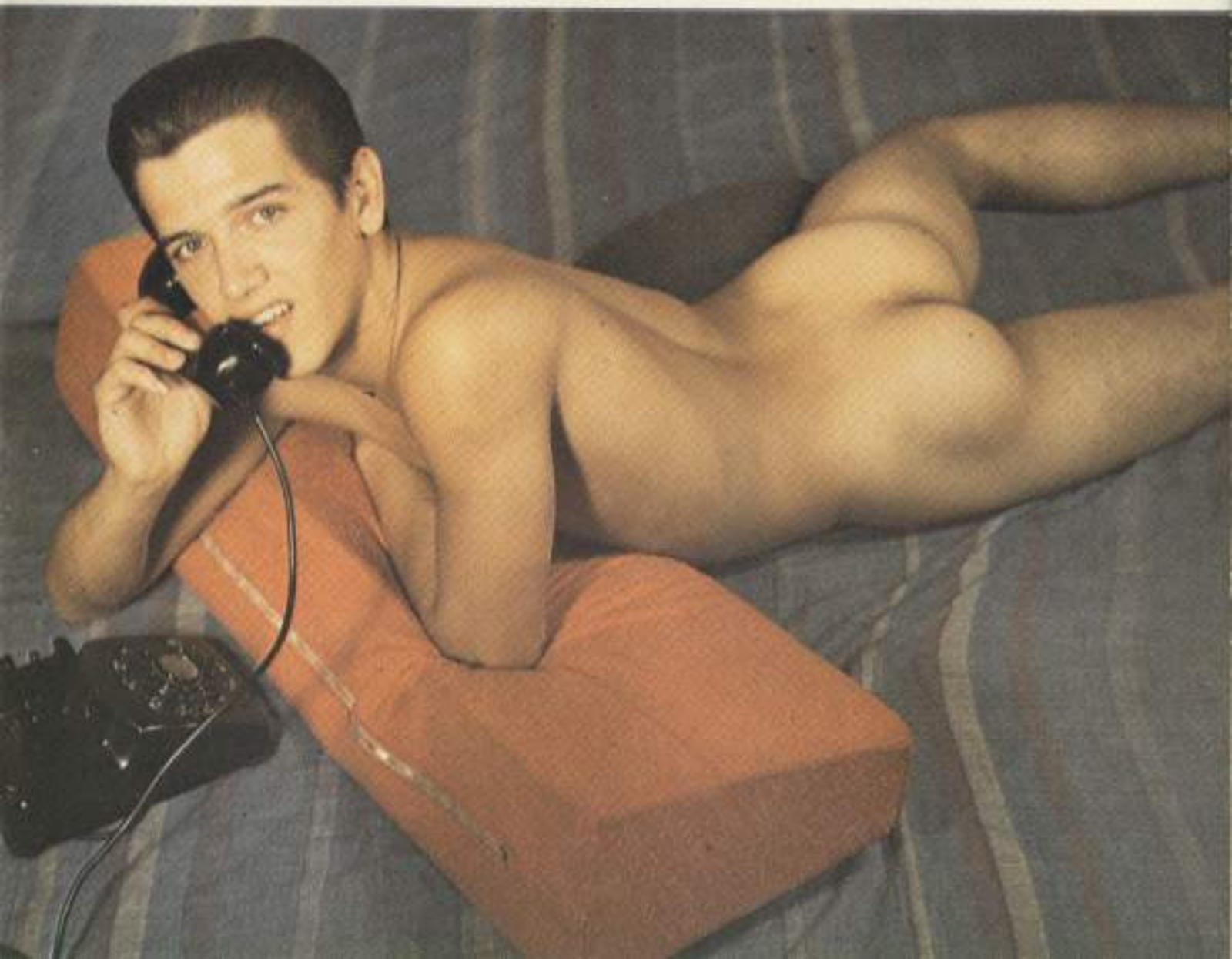
A black and white photograph of a young man with dark, wavy hair, shirtless, sitting against a brick wall. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. His right arm is resting on his right knee, and his left leg is bent. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his muscular physique. The brick wall behind him adds a textured background.

KIP KYLE by Bob Anthony



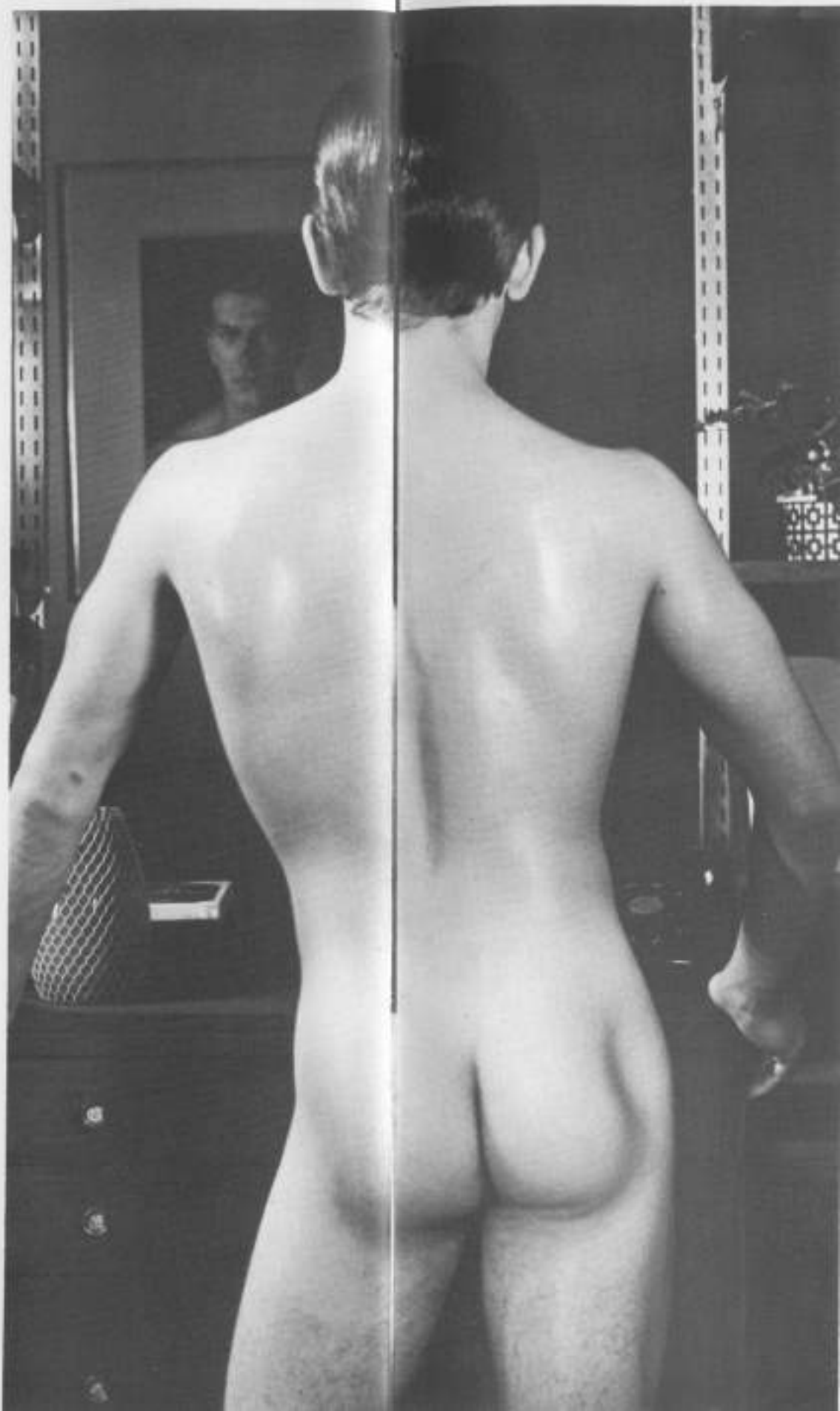


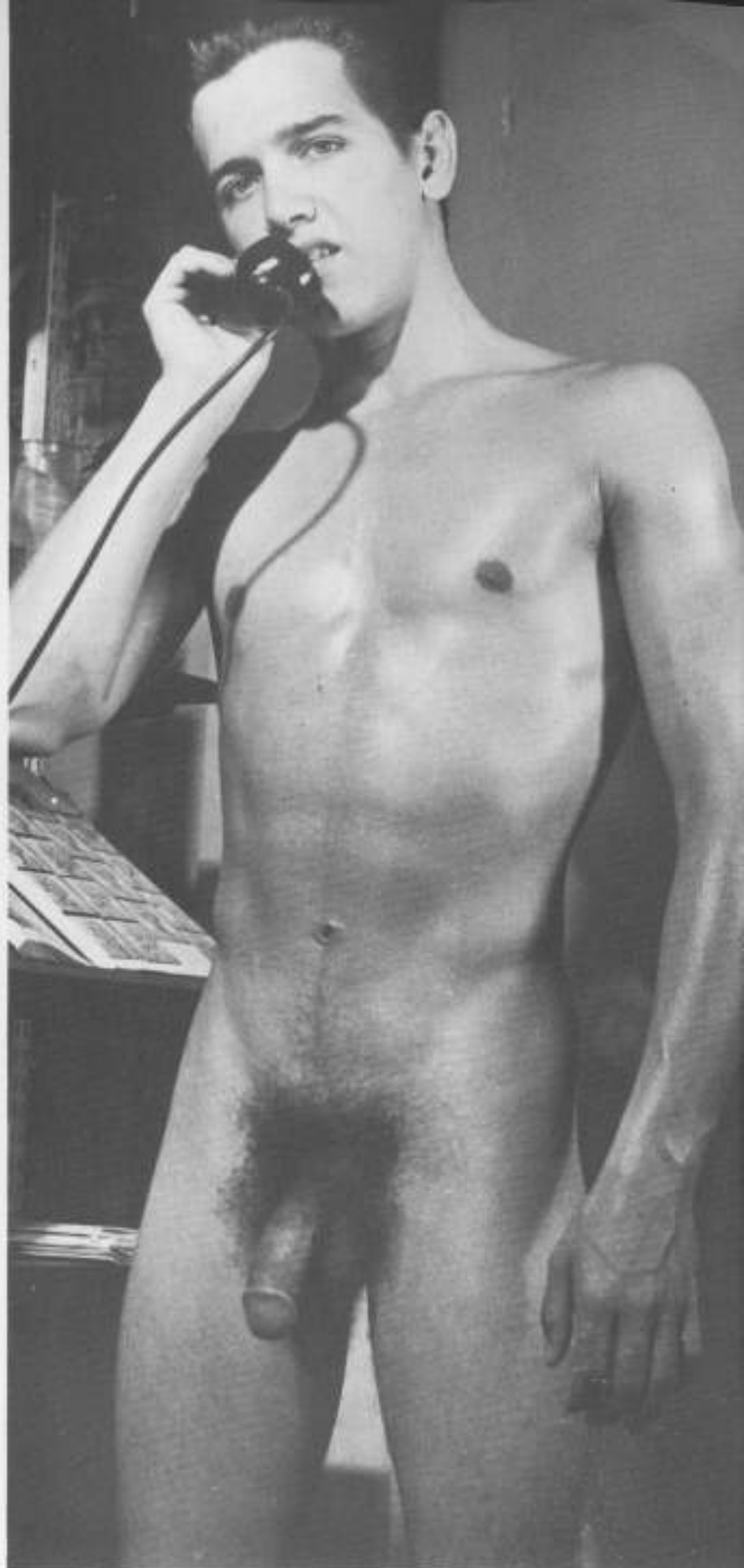
Jim Rogers





JIM ROGERS by Bob Anthony







Roger Stamp



JACK LORM





JOHN STEEL and BILL CAPO



SUNDAY IN LAUREL FALLS

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Part One our hero, Randall finds himself stranded and bored on a Saturday night in Laurel Falls, New Hampshire. Faced with a dull evening in a rocking chair or sleep in a rented room, he chooses the solitary bed. But all is not lost when he receives a visit from Jeff Hawkins, also living in the boarding house. The inevitable happens

Some time later, I admitted, "You were right, Jeff. Laurel Falls can be fun."

Lazily, he scratched his chest. "Oh, I meant on Sundays. You'll see."

After that Saturday night appetizer, what could Sunday be but a fallen souffle? I was thinking that, without regret, when I fell asleep.

* * * * *

Sunday in Laurel Falls

Jeff woke me. One hand circling a cup of coffee, the other playfully nudging a sensitive part of my anatomy. "C'mon, lazy!! Sun's out."

We walked through the sleepy town, bright in the Sunday sunlight. What would constitute "fun" in Laurel Falls, I wondered. Picnic? It was a rain-washed picnic kind of day. Or was this clambake country? I like clams. Tasty and tangy, but hardly fun.

In three minutes we had passed the last house. Across a flat meadow, up a wooded hill, then down. We were now in a grassy clearing, a hub-point from which rather sketchy paths radiated in several directions. If this was the fun spot, it was sadly deserted.

"We call this The Maze," Jeff explained.

"Mean a guy can get lost?"

"Someone'll set you right. The creek's that way."

"Swimming? Fine day for a swim. Gee, kid, I didn't bring trunks."

Jeff threw me a look usually reserved for backward moppets.

We followed one of the rudimentary paths and almost collided with the boys who suddenly materialized from behind one of the maples. Farm boys in standard gear: T-shirts and jeans.

"Ray, Ned," my bulky blond friend murmured by way of introduction. The boys were younger than Jeff, about 16. One wiry, one strapping.

They looked at me appealingly, as if an appeal were necessary.

"You be judge, mister. Will y'?"

"Judge of what?"

Without answering, they led the way off the path to a level, packet-sized patch amid the trees. Here, simultaneously, they opened their jeans.

"Tell us who's the better wrestler, huh, mister?" Ned, the strapping one, begged.

I was about to plead incompetence, but Jeff nudged me. "The fellas like an audience," he whispered. I had no further thought of demurring. Both boys had stripped off their shirts and jeans. No sissy underpants for them. Nude they sank to the grass. And wrestled. Chests heaving, legs spread, swingable appurtenances—like arms—swinging. A lively spectacle which soon became livelier. I'd seen similar exhibitions on the Rue Blanchette in dear old pre-de Gaulle Paris.

The performers engaged in merciless combat until, groaning, they lay back spent. Well, it was hard to name the winner, although I could tell who came first.

The nude boys bounced up. Such energy at 16! They smiled disarmingly and thanked me.

"Ned and Ray do like an audience," Jeff repeated. We strode on. Behind us, I heard Ray accost another stroller. "You be judge, will y'?"

"I'm beginning to see what you mean." Only beginning.

We continued along the path toward the creek. Sounds of laughter came to us from the left, and Jeff suggested that we take a look.

Six very naked men, each carrying a naked boy piggy-back, were lined up on the grassy bank of the creek.

"Father and son race," my private M.C. announced.

"You mean these guys are uh—with their own sons!"

Jeff commented indignantly, "We're not like that here. They're just assorted fathers and assorted sons."

The men seemed to be in their thirties, firm-bodied, bronzed, and muscled. Their burdens were teen-aged boys, laughing and vigorous. The race started. The ranks hardened. One upset. Another. Soon all were on the grass. Simultaneously, the men gave what they had to console the fallen boys. Everyone seemed satisfied.

I suggested that Jeff—all of him—get on my shoulders. Sensibly, he suggested that we strip first. I was ready to give Jeff his consolation prize, eager to reciprocate. Jeff whispered that this might start a trend which the older men would not appreciate. However, he accepted the prize I offered in full view of the assembled "fathers and sons."

"Did you uh—serve when you were a little younger?" I asked Jeff curiously.

"Of course. Good training."

I believe in reciprocation, especially when the likes of Jeff are to be reciprocated upon. So we stepped back a decent distance

Those half-a-dozen boys who had performed so valiantly were on my mind. I asked Jeff about them. "Oh, they manage." I wondered if I could manage for them. I mean, there they were. And there I was, a good manager.

Jeff was understanding. "If you'd like to do a service"

"Six," I amended.

I set up shop under the nearest maple. Jeff directed traffic. I swallowed hastily, my attention already distracted.

Two corn-fed farm boys, each as imposing as Jeff, sped by. Naked, naturally. One wore an improvised headdress of three rather scrawny feathers. He was pursued by a brawny, equally nude, Great White Hunter brandishing a 10-inch scimitar.

"Clem and Russ love to play Cowboy and Indian."

I watched while Clem—or Russ—caught the hapless Indian, pinned him to the ground, and inflicted a fitting punishment. The Indian emitted an enthusiastic war whoop as the hunter's blows hit home.

As that diversion came to a climax, Jeff and I ducked through a hedge and emerged in the midst of a mob scene. Really a mob. And a scene. My companion unnecessarily explained that this was the filming quarter. Two men with cameras were directing the naked group in various "spontaneous" gymnastics on the grass.

After serving as extras and enjoying extra servings, Jeff and I moved on.

Along another path two magnificent elms stood side by side. Such lovely trees. Tied to each was a naked youth. The bound boys were tormented each by a hefty man, stripped to the skin, and sporting a mean-looking weapon. Whips, too. The tormentors lustily attacked their youthful prey. I stared, fascinated.

"Mr. Bates and Mr. Trent teach high school," Jeff indicated the whip-wielding, hard-breathing attackers. "Joey and Tad were in the sophomore class contest."

"And the poor kids lost?" I asked as the teachers' weapons met the boys' soft flesh.

"They won."

We walked on. I expressed amazement at the Sunday activities in sleepy Laurel Falls.

"We used to be in a rut," Jeff admitted complacently. "But we sorta grew out of it."

I was aware that on every side on this sunny day couples were communing with nature or with each other. Besides the wrestlers and the Cowboy and Indian and the film-makers and the discipline committee. Quiet couples locked together on the grass. Dozens of them. The whole male population of Laurel Falls? I asked Jeff.

"Well," he explained, "Saturday is Ladies Day. Sundays, we guys try to get outdoors, have a little fun."

"Everyone in Laurel Falls?"

"Just about."

As we spoke, I thought I recognized a weather-beaten but masculine form on the grass, half hidden by the naked body of his companion.

"Can that be—?"

"Yep."

Mr. Hawkins, too!

That was Sunday morning out in Laurel Falls. Then came afternoon. Followed by a drowsy evening.

Well, first thing Monday morning, I plunked down the deposit. Now I live in the cottage down the road from the Hawkins place. Come to see me if you're ever in the neighborhood. Try to make it on a Sunday.

JIM
by Jean Paul David

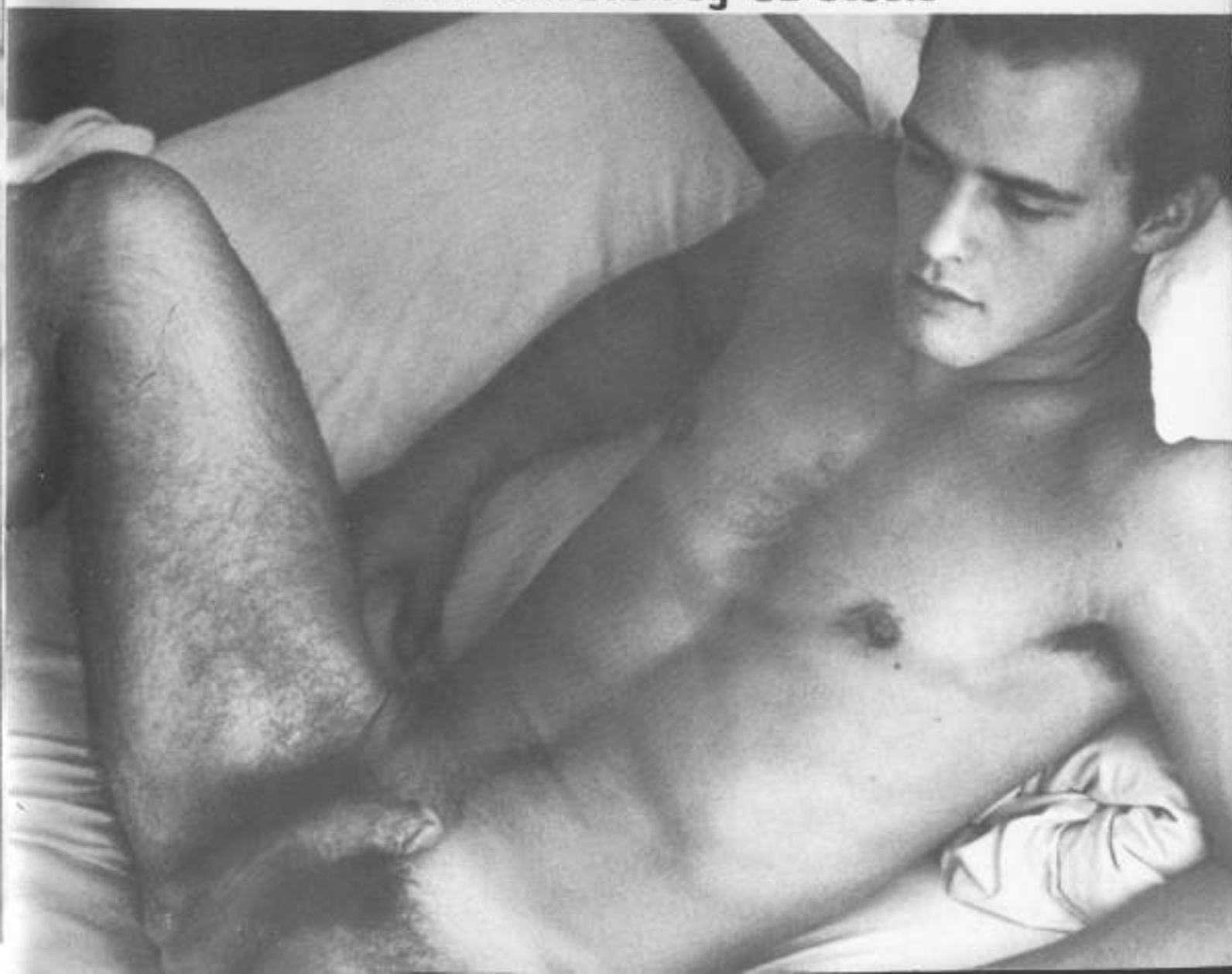








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